

MY QUEEN AND MAIDEN

I need and seek a friend,  
And looking for my Queen.  
One to be my sole outer voice;  
She'll be my Love too of course.

I wailed for a Queen to be my voice,  
In a world of e-speed and superhighway.  
Why, I am voiceless and tucked away;  
Like a "kitty" in a litterbox.

In reality, I am a lion;  
With a kingdom parched, and lost.  
Hoping we'll all regroup.  
And be "King" again in the domain.

But my hope is well distinguished.  
In the trio of regency: "Hope, Faith and Love"  
Indeed, of the three "Love" is the greatest.  
Notwithstanding, "Hope" is not extinguished!

They said: "A lion licked,  
His honey from the prey [the ass];  
And sucked his sweets fro the body-mass.  
But lied down under the wallow reeds".

I have had my "ups" and "downs";  
My "up" now,  
Knowing that I may convince you to  
Check me out, give me a try-out!

I know your racing mind might be  
Running in a million different places;  
Meanwhile, I remain peacefully here,  
Yes, in the most unlikely of places.

QUEEN AND MAIDEN (Continued)

Destiny has the strangest way,  
To let us know, it can be re-shaped  
And bent under the wiser nurture,  
Of a nurturer who is wise and mature.

I see that wise nurturer in you.  
Why? Because I've learned that the "Woman",  
Was raised, as the other side of the coin,  
In that which we call "Romance".

And we (men) need you ladies;  
I am so in need of you "Lady"  
To give me inspiration and "Zeal"  
Know you not, you're the reason for war and peace?

A gentle mother-nurturer kisses,  
To bring health, even bliss and peace;  
With matching stillness to the hardest of hearts.  
That woman is the medicinal need of my heart!

Oh, how I hope you'll fulfill my wishes.  
To be my regent hand, and help raise  
My fallen, even wounded heart;  
Like a rising Phoenix out of the ash.

Consider with me this riddle-paradox.  
Cause only a "Queen" can do both, and the above:  
Raise with a mighty hand,  
And Simultaneously, nurse to health this broken man.

Are you not this "Queen" and maiden?  
A fragrant, sweet "Swan" song on a romantic night?  
Am I not a poet, a fallen Regent-Knight,  
Looking for his Queen and Maiden?

Will you hear my call, and answer me,  
And be this most deserving Queen?  
Help me discover "Love" again,  
Even facing this infernal pain.